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Charles B. Derby and Mr. Walter R. Johnson. The announcement is already making a commotion in Flushing and the neighborhood, so that we may expect to see the Town Hall crowded to overflowing.

A concert was given last Thursday evening, at the Rockland Female Institute, Nyack, N. Y., under the direction of Mr. A. Beuchel, the Musical Professor of the Institute. Mr. I. B. Poznanski, the celebrated violinist, assisted on the occasion.

The Liederkranz Ball comes off at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening next, February 20th, and it is expected that it will exceed on this occasion, the fun, the humor, the social enjoyment, and the magnificent appointments of the previous seasons. The popularity of the Liederkranz Ball is altogether unprecedented; it calls together all the beauty, fashion and wealth of the city, and a more brilliant assemblage cannot at any time be seen in this city or elsewhere on the continent of America.

IMPROMPTU.

The critic of the *Herald* is of music making hash,
All he cannot comprehend, he writeth down as—trash!
A fool's or woman's argument is the *Herald* man's, we wis,
Who knowing naught, brays out aloud!—'tis trash—because—it is!

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A comical episode occurred lately at a performance of the "Africaine" at Lyons. In the duet at the commencement of the fifth act, where the outraged Queen overwhelms her rival Ines with invectives and menaces, one of the negro guards, doubtless absorbed by the brilliant and passionate singing of Mesdames Meillet and Moreau, remained silent and spellbound on the stage while his comrades had retired in obedience to Selika's command to "d-e-rag Va-a-sco forth and ha! ha!" &c. The audience observing the distraction of this ebony *delettante*, seeing him fixed open-mouthed but moveless on the captivating accents of the two singers, began a titter, which melted into a chuckle and quickly grew into a full-bodied and general laugh. This naturally attracted the attention of the two artists to the impressionable "culled pusson," and they of course yielded to the contagious hilarity! Our black friend at this point suddenly awoke to a sense of his position, forsook his "statue quo," and with his eyes all whites, turned round and made one tiger-like bound into the *coulisses*, leaving the public *and* the performers, as the Lyons journal hath it, "a prey to veritable spasms of gayety." After several moments calm was restored, and the duo was begun again, to be interrupted by peals of laughter, and it was not till after three cachinatory commencements that the two artists and the public succeeded in struggling through the duet, which never received such thunders of applause, and never created so joyous an effect as on that occasion. If that black were scraped, it is more than probable an incipient composer or artist might be found beneath!

Berlioz, writing from Moscow apropos of the concerts he has been directing in that far-away city, says: "We were 500 executants and 12,600 listeners! I will not attempt to describe to you the applause for the fête music of Romeo & Juliet, and for the offertory of my Requiem I was recalled four times; it was the greatest impression I ever made in my life. The day after to-morrow they are to give me a fête in the Hall of Nobles, where all Moscow will be present. That over, I shall return to St. Petersburgh, where I have still two concerts to give.

Artot and Wachtel are "Somnambulizing" at Berlin, at the Royal Theatre, where also a new ballet by Paul Taglioni, entitled *Don Parasol*, is in preparation.

The sisters Marchisio are still singing in Semiramide, at Cadiz now, and they are evidently conducting that disreputable Assyrian slowly but surely over the entire operatic globe, for to our own knowledge they have steadily adhered to this one opera for something like ten years; it is therefore not surprising that they sing its difficult music surprisingly well.

A French journal chronicles the remarkable fact that Ristori has been to see Niagara! Had the case been reversed, we could forgive and share our Parisian friend's astonishment.

Sims Reeves is singing "Wagner" at the London Monday Popular Concerts, pleasing much in the scena, "O, beauteous Star," from Tannhaüser.

Mr. John Francis Barnett announces his "Ancient Mariner" for St. James' Hall, with a band and chorus of 350 performers. His two sisters, known in Italy by the name of "*Le Lorelle Dorea*," will make their first appearance in England at this concert.

Mr. Robert Addison, the old and much respected music publisher of Regent street, London, died on the 17th ultimo.

M. Roger, the once popular French tenor with the disabled right hand, is now stage-manager at the Vienna Opera-house—an excellent appointment on all sides.

The splendid new Opera-house in Paris draws near completion. The streets round about it are to bear the names of Meyerbeer, Halèvy, Scribe, Gluck. Rossini has long had a street of his own. There is certainly a richer sound about these streets than Fourth avenue, Twenty-third street, Forty-second street, &c., *ad infinitum*.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," recently performed in London, with such grand effect, should certainly be given here; such an intellectual treat is due to the musical amateurs of this city. We trust soon to hear this great work, greatly interpreted.

Solemn funeral music was performed at Baden-Baden, for the funeral obsequies of M. Benazet, the archimage of that wicked but beautiful watering-place.

A French writer gives the following eccentric explanation of the word "*sac*," so much alike in many languages. At the disruption of the tribes at the Tower of Babel, the first thought of each man was to secure his *sack de voyage*, and as he remembered the article, so he ever remembered its name; and all nations evermore called it *sac*. The force of derivation can no further go!

The great Conductor, Costa, is seriously ill at London.

Hauptmann, the great German so long and so honorably connected with the Leipzig Conservatory is just gathered to his Fathers, musical and otherwise, at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was attended to his grave with every regret of his friends, townsmen and pupils, and has left a gap in musical Germany which will not easily be filled.

CHIPS FROM THE BLARNEY STONE AT IRVING HALL.

Last week we made especial notice of the fact that Dr. John T. Doyle would give an entertainment entitled as above, this evening. This week we recall attention to it from the bevevolent fact that knowing the risability ability of the gentleman in question, we feel sure that everybody who goes to hear him will thank us for calling their attention.

We think the best way of telling what he proposes to do is to publish his programme, which is as follows:

IRVING HALL,

Saturday Evening, Feb. 15.

A WORD TO THE WISE AND N. Y'S!

Though an Irish entertainment is expected to be a little *Moore*-ish in its character, there is little *Moor*-ish or *Sorrowscenic* about the present one, for we leave Araby hazy in one sense and take "Arrah, be aisy!" in another, hoping that public approval may assist us to convert the Dey of Algiers into a Night of All Cheers!

Musical Melange, Irish Melodies.....Piano

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In the course of which Mr. John T. Doyle will jaun-t-ly *doy*-late on Erin in general, in language meant for the *earin'* of the audience in particular.

On Board the Boat from Holyhead to Kingstown.

Mrs. Pursell, a *purse*less lady of the "ould times," introduces herself; her relations and garrulations; Dublin Bay *bay*-u-tifully described by her; she confounds Ocean with Ossian, and tells "a tale of the times of old, the deeds of days of other years;" though poor she is still "worth an old song," which, having an appropriate title, is selected for the especial delectation of the audience.

Song, "Dublin Bay".....Mr. Matthison

Landing at Kingstown.

Fare play among carmen; Irish cars and *car*acters; scarcity of good *yokes* and prevalence of good *jokes;* Tim Grady's "nate" outsider; Tim "dhrives" enquiries and his horse at the same time; his *convict*-ions anent the gent from Botany Bay; how he arrested himself for debt; his explanation of G. P. O. on the milestones; a "thrifle" on account; Tim's song; he asks for a certain song in return, and to *come at this 'un* it will be necessary to *coM-at-this'on* again, who will sing—

"The Colleen Bawn."

Tim gets into trouble, and into the

Dublin Police Court.

Mr. Frank Thorpe Porter, the Magistrate; Mary Ryan versus Bridget Murphy, a case more *hair*-rending than *heart*-rending; Tim Grady appears as a witness *wit-n-as*-ton-ishingly dull comprehension; "passage of arms" between him and an Irish "Buzfuz;" Mr. Porter despises Coke and Littleton, but thinks Æsop's Fables the "real cheese," approves of calisthenics and prescribes the "real cheese," approves of calisthenics and prescribes the "tread*mill*—" *mille* murther